

them with the Spirit and Politeness of a Gentleman; (prostituted and hackneyed as this word is by moderns, when I apply it to any one, I mean that He is, at least, a man of Honor and of Sentiment.) It is the free will offering of a man whose Heart is much less contracted than his Purse, and by accepting this You will lay him under a particular Obligation---He gave me an expressive look, and Bow, then *vanished*.

What a Pity, said I, such a noble Heart should ever feel Distress! Heaven send him happier Days, He certainly deserves them! Yet, whatever his Misfortunes are---whatever Difficulties he may have to encounter, I would rather be that Man, oppressed as he seems to be, than revel, like his false Friend, in all the Luxury of Wealth---curled with such a heart as his, Nothing could give me Pleasure,

---I dislike the Suspicious; but I also dislike to have either my Words or my actions misconstrued; and, lest it should be suspected that I have spoken too irreverently of Learning & knowledge, & too much otherwise of Gold; I protest I have the highest Veneration for the two first, so far as they improve the Head or amend the Heart; and I look upon the Love of gold to be the meanest Vice of a fordid mind; for it excludes, or rather swallows up, all the generous & humane affections---and as to gold itself, tho' it is called the purest of Metals; is a Friend to the hungry & the naked; introduces you at Levees, or procures you a Place at Court, and is no bad Companion on a Journey; yet take it; fine and refine it *ad infinitum*, I shall never think it has any other Value than what it derives from the Use one makes of it; neither is this opinion an eccentric Creation of my Brain; it is a Doctrine taught by the Ancients, and, in particular, by a very celebrated one, whose Works will be revered until Time shall devour them, and all sublunary Things; or until Learning and Knowledge are treated like *Justice and Honesty*, and banished the World.

Another Authority might be produced in Favor of it, but custom, which changes almost the very Nature of many things, has represented that Authority as merely fabulous; besides, the ancient Writer, just now alluded to, observes, with great Propriety, that Things sacred are not to be sported with *.....But, to get this golden Affair off my Hands as expeditiously as possible, I shall make free with some Verses, which were wrote upon this very subject by one of the Careless-Family, when he had not wherewithal to buy himself a Dinner. They are not very poetic, 'tis true; yet they express my Sentiments more explicitly than I can do in so many words.

The splendid rich unenvied I behold,
Nor racks my soul a base desire of Gold.
Give me a mind serene and chearful Health;
Unenvied let dull Misers hoard their Wealth.
Detested be the Wretch, who crams his Store,
From Thirst of Gain, with ill-got, useles Ore.

* *Nec Deus Interfit, &c.*

But that his greatest Bliss---Be mine to lend
Relief to Want, Assistance to a Friend.
Yes, I would wish to independant live;
My wants supplied, I have something left to give.
Keep me, just Heav'n! oppress'd, despit'd & poor,
It e'er, from sordid Views, I covet more!

But all this is a Digression of my Pen. The Son of adversity and his false Friend are still in my Thoughts, and thus I resume the Subject.

This flagrant Instance of Pseudoism, conjuring up in my Mind thousands of others of a similar Nature, (which I wish to forget.) I was almost persuaded to become a Misanthropist; but so antiquated are my Notions of some Things, that I never suffer a friendly Action, or even a friendly Intention, to grow stale in my Memory....“It will hurt You” said Amanda, when a wild Vagary put me upon doing something to my Prejudice. There was Nothing particular in the Words, but they were pronounced in a Tone so sweetly dissuasive, and accompanied with a Look so expressive of sympathetic Tenderness and Regard, that Nothing but Death can ever erase the Impressions which they made upon my Heart: And upon this Occasion, when the unfriendly Passions had drawn Misanthropy in a Light much less detestable than I had ever, till that moment, seen it in; yet, before my Heart could be prevailed upon to adopt that diabolical System, Gratitude, or some such *anti-modern* Principle, presented *Eusebius* before Me...:How cheartfully wouldst thou have opened thy Purse to this Unfortunate; and how wouldst thy generous Spirit have comforted his (as it did mine) under its Load of affliction!

This changed my Hatred, which was yet but in Embryo, into Compassion and put Me in tolerable good Humor with Mankind again; And as I can never separate benevolent Ideas from *Aspasia*, (Generous Fair! although the Sun hath eight Times performed his annual Course round this our Globe, since thy Spirit, rescued from its Prison here, regained its native Skies; yet, still, still, art thou dear unto Me, and with heart-felt joy do I hail those Incidents in which I recognize Thee!) a Recollection of that Pleasure, which sparkled in her Eyes when She shewed me a Vindication of a Character which we both revered, and which Malice had endeavored to stain; banished from my Heart every illiberal Idea, and I cursed myself, in the bitterest of terms, for having indulged, or thought of indulging, such unmanly Sentiments; and I swore (an Oath which I intend to observe most sacredly) that, rather than harbor them the ninety ninth Part of a Second, I would cheartfully expose myself to the Deceptions & Impositions of all the Pseudoists in the World.---And such, alas! there are to be found, disgracing Humanity, in every corner of the Earth.

The report of the Small-Pox being in this Town is without Foundation.
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